

KEYSTONE

1988



CPCC
035
988

KEYSTONE STAFF

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Letter from the Editor:

Welcome to the second edition of **Keystone**. Enthusiasm has really grown since our first issue. Many people were surprised to see a magazine of such high quality here at Central Piedmont and the staff and I know the 1988 **Keystone** is even better.

We appreciate the exciting response to our call for submissions, and we hope the readers will be as thrilled as we are about the high level of talent in the creative arts at CPCC.

I would like to thank the hard-working staff and advisors for bringing it all together.

David B. Inman
Editor-in-Chief

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Letter from the Advisor:

I am very pleased to introduce, you, the reader, to this second edition of CPCC's creative arts magazine, **Keystone**. My thanks to each of you who dared to share your very personal creations with the rest of us. **Keystone** received many excellent submissions this year, and I hope this issue will encourage even more students to submit their work next spring for the 1989 edition, especially in art and photography.

I have been impressed throughout the entire process of publishing this magazine with the wealth of talent present here at CPCC, both in the submissions and in the staff itself. The diversity of the submissions received and selected for inclusion reflects the diversity of CPCC's students. I believe our distinguished judges have chosen a thought-provoking and exciting body of material for this issue. The staff, led by the extremely talented editor-in-chief, David Inman, did an outstanding job of organizing the varied contents and of providing the artistic touches throughout which create **Keystone's** visual beauty.

It has been a pleasure for me to have been a part of this long process and to see the magazine progress from ideas to reality, to come into "full bloom," as it were.

Look, read, and enjoy!

Mary Murchison
Advisor for Student Publications

Cover art by Dwight Seltzer

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At First There Is No Clarity

She circles the rubble,
trying to read the smouldering
ruins like some priestess of old,
incarnated now out of
direst necessity.

Nothing remains
of the forty-one years
gone before, except
a trinket or two
able to take the heat:
his father's day fox
gone to ground
beneath the house,
cheap ceramic, twice-fired
and black, but not
beyond repair.

I am a refugee, she says
to the blue air, but no,
there are no bullets
or bombs, and she is free,
despite despair.

Humbled, she hangs
her head, waiting
for what else
will choose
to come clear.

Christina Pacosz

Not Black Enough

Not black enough?
Me with skin the color
of perfectly browned toast?

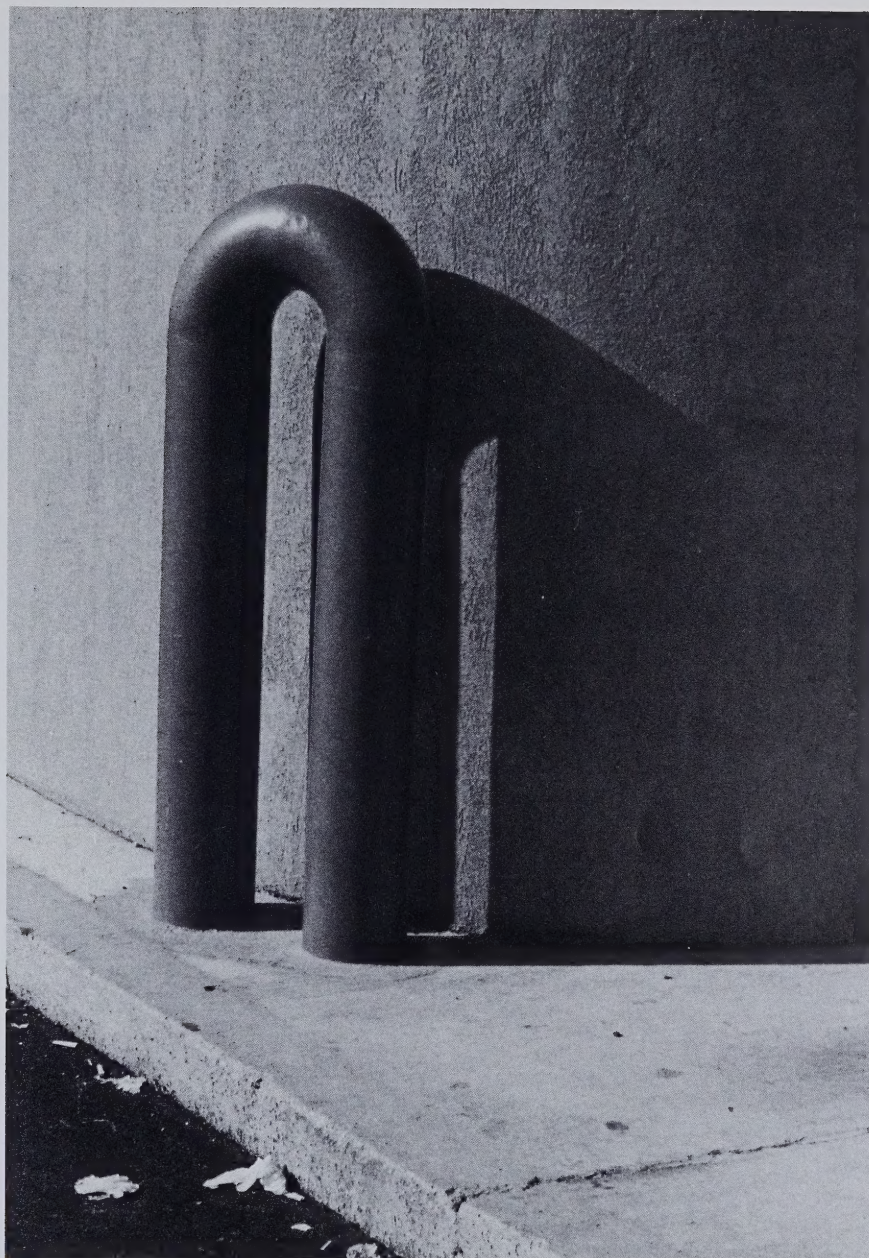
Is it because the Pink Floyd
is placed too close to the James Brown?
Is it because I smile too easily
with the Chinese and the Jews?
Is it because of Husband?
Dear white Husband?
Excuse him-
it was an accident of birth.

Not black enough?
Because my hair won't nap?
Because Mark Twain is my favorite author?
Because you saw me with that Greek girl?
Because I didn't give enough to the
South African cause?
Because my mama has light skin?
Because I went to revival last night
and did not clap with the best of them?

And me with skin the color
of perfectly browned toast

Janet Quinn





Untitled

Jane Allard Chittenden

Just Past The End

Sometimes it seems
I've gone past the extreme
Then I've got nowhere to go
Tell me my friend
Where does it end
And how did it all begin

Daniel P. McNally





How CPCC Music Students Pay The Rent
On The Long Road To Fame

Michelle Handler

The Blind March

Those who drive the vehicle of progress
are driving through my life.
Scheming in their high seats, offices in the sky,
unable or unwilling to see the ground below.
They cannot see my eyes as I look from home
in the grass, in the forest, by the river.
All trembling in the advancing shadow.

Christopher E. van Daalen

voices

i have heard the voices;
like whispers, they are hidden
in dark secret passage ways,
somewhere behind the clouds,
deep within the dirty street
corners...

the voices are there-
sounding off in silence
wrapped in colored
cloaks of mystery,
tittering in the back of
my mind.

they never seem
to stop, and i never
quite seem to catch
what they're saying.

Crickette Afferton



Surrender

Lost in a fog of loneliness.
Clouds of despair hide my life's meaning.
Confusion reigns supreme.
Mired in the mud of misery I stand here a soul wasted.

Madness like a maelstrom
tightens its hold. Now is
the time to lose control.

Willingly, I accept the sweet
embrace of darkness. With a
thunder clap and a brilliant
flash, I surrender.

Kevin E. Amos



Early Morning On The Eastern Shore Of Maryland On A Boat

This is a miracle place
another world I have not known
for eons.
Dawn scrubs the ashen sky
streaking it with pale pinks and yellows.
Morning mist hugs
the surface of the broad sea.
Fish slap the water.
Land birds speak sweetly
and much to each other.
Even the mourning dove
makes her bittersweet sound.
The gull and osprey
squawk their presence
shattering the magic atmosphere.
The water moves away from the boat
at anchor, making it seem to move fast
but the shoreline stays the same.

Mary Wilmer





Untitled

Dwight Seltzer



In Hiding

Lynn Kenan



The Ride Of Sorrow

She was a horse called sorrow,
Full of power and arrogance.
I rode her until my body was
Worn and weak, my mind was broken
And my heart was heavy.

It seemed I rode her for ages,
Never going anywhere.
It was a futile chase of dreams,
Running around in circles in my mind.
Only the pain was real.

Then the dark day came, she fell.
her legs were gone,
And I could not bear to carry on alone.
She had to be put to sleep,
Leaving my mind forever.

Now that she's gone,
I think that she could have been a horse...
Or was she?
I know only this for sure...
I'm free of the pain,
And there is no sorrow.
I now believe that in my life
There was never a horse...
Only sorrow.

Kevin E. Amos

Visionless

Visionless, squinting--
The sun is a blinding explosion
Of heat and luminosity.
But everything will be all right
As long as it beats down
Down on me.

If I am to be rendered blind
I prefer for it to be in this way;
I know it is only temporary
Unlike so many other things,
It gets better as the sun goes down.

E. Owen DuBose



"I REALLY LOVED HIM"

Crisis Hot Line, midnight til eight on a Saturday night - Sunday morning. Sometimes it's busy and some nights so boring I fall asleep. This was one of those nights when I assumed there was no one out there with a problem. By about three-thirty I had fallen asleep sitting straight up in a chair with my hand on the phone handle. My head nodded and nodded again. I was out like a light as a furious storm raged on and on outside my window.

Suddenly I was jolted by the sound of a buzzing but my arm was asleep and the feeling had gone. When I tried to pick up the receiver of the phone, I dropped it, again I tried, my arm tingled with a needle-like pricking. Finally I picked it up with my other hand, how awkward, I thought. I put the receiver to my ear.

"Crisis Hot Line, Star speaking."

The line was quiet.

"Hello, is anyone there, do you need to talk?"

I heard a faint whimper and I knew someone was there, so I waited, giving them a chance to decide if they wanted to talk or not.

"I just wanted someone to talk to until it's over," she said with a low voice.

"I really loved him, you know?"

"I'll make him sorry for the rest of his life, he lied to me, why did he lie to me?"

"It's my eighteenth birthday and we were supposed to go away together, now I'm going away by myself but I won't be back."

"Who cares, nobody does, not him and certainly not his wife," she said through her whimpering.

I waited patiently as she cried, I was sure this was going to be a long call. Again she spoke.

"I thought he loved me too, he said he did, he said he wanted to marry me. Then I found out he was married already." She paused and seemed to be fading in and out.

I wondered if she was on drugs or something, so I asked if she knew where she was.

"I'm at the cabin in the woods but no one cares about me so it's not important where this place is."

"I really loved him, I thought I could drink the pain away but it didn't help. Everything is gonna be fine now, I found some tranquilizer pills and took all of them. I'm sleepy-y-y-y all those p-i-l-l-s."

She was fading, laughing softly and drifting away, I could barely hear her now, then with a burst of voice she came back at me.

"I just called to say goodbye to someone, anyone who would listen, he said he was going to divorce her, now he's gonna be sorry."

"I'm not gonna be around for his little afternoon pleasures."

"Can you tell me where you are, what do I call you?" I said.

I was trying to pull a name, a clue or something out of her, something that might indicate where she was. I pushed the outside line on the other phone and put her on the intercom so I could listen and talk to the operator at the same time. This had gone on too long.

"Operator," a voice said.

"Operator, this is the Crisis Hot Line, I have a possible suicide, no name, no location, can you put a trace on this call?"

"I'll try," said the operator.

"I'll keep her talking as long as I can," I said.

I could hear her still whimpering, so I asked her how she was feeling.

"Feeling, I'm not feeling much at all, I drank a-l-l the gin and took that whole full bottle of Librium. I cleaned my apartment."

"Where is your apartment?" I asked thinking maybe that would give me a lead to who she was.

"My apartment? I didn't want anyone to think I was a slob, I loved him, I feel so sick, darn I pissed myself, I have to s-l-e-e-p now, don't hate me."

Her breathing became very shallow and she faded on me again, crying and saying she really loved him and that he was gonna be sorry.

"I gotta go now, just let me die, I loved him, I really did. He's gonna be so s-o-r-r-y."

"Wait, how did you meet him?" I said making a desperate attempt to keep her talking.

She was silent but I could tell she was still there, I just had to keep her talking, I was feeling panicky.

"Meet h-i-m, he was my brother's friend before he went away. Everyone I love goes away and leaves me. My parents went away and left me with my grandmother. Then she went away."

"Oh God how I loved them all but they didn't love me."

Her breathing was getting more shallow and she was beginning to fade more and more.

"Where is that operator, why hasn't she found her yet, surely she has a trace on her by now," I thought.

"Hello, are you still there?" I said.

"Why did all those people leave you?"

"D-e-a-d, all dead!"

"I really loved him, you know....?"

"Don't hate me, please just let me d-i-e," she said as she faded off.

"G-o-o-d-b-y-e-e-e."

"Operator, I'm losing her, did you find her yet?"

"Yes, we found out where she is but they can't get to her, the roads are all washed out from the storm."

"Hello, are you there?"

"There was no breathing, whimpering, no sound at all, then there was a 'c-l-i-c-k!' I shivered, she had hung up.

"What do I do now, had I lost her?"

I hear ringing in my head, I rub the sleep from my eyes, the hot line is lit up and I pick up the receiver.

"Crisis Hot Line, Star speaking."

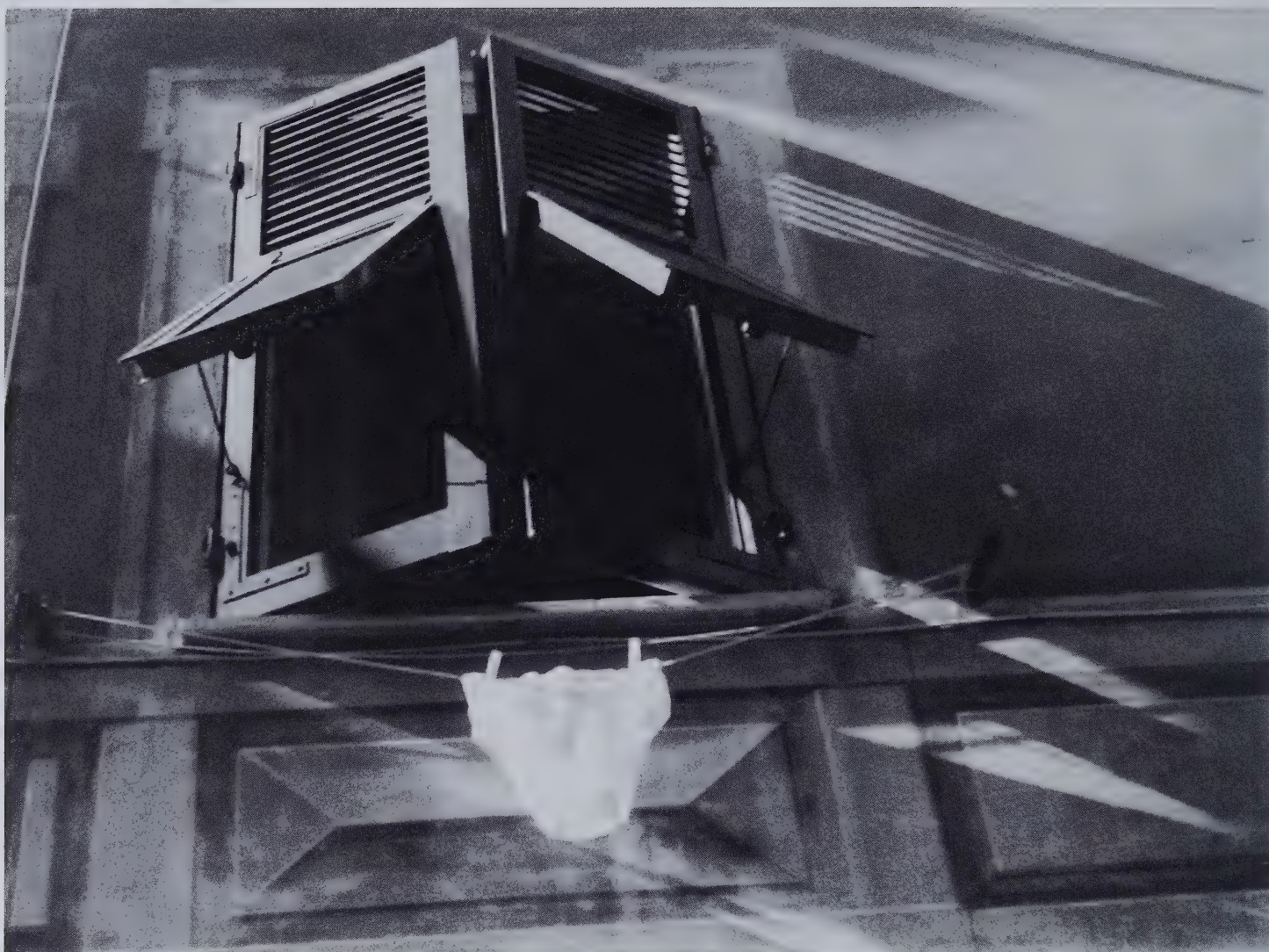
"The line was quiet, I could hear whimpering, then she whispered:

"I just wanted someone to talk to until it's over."

Cold chills ran up my spine as I heard her say:

"I really loved him, you know?"

Susan E. Bartlett



Rear Window

Jane Allard Chittenden





Window Pain

The window sill,
kissed gently with warmth -- peaceful and still --
caressed by colors,
embraced by light,
kept out the cold,
protected from night.

But Darkness came --
pressed heavy against the window pain --
shattered the fragile,
translucent skin.
All the coldness
came rushing in
over the shards
the blackness passed --
left tears on the pain,
blood on the glass.

Linda L. Myers

Sinus Remedy

I peel off the cellophane
and line up the white twist off cap
Tin-Foil reads 'TAMPER PROOF'
I'm very thankful for that!

My eyes strained with pain
Can barely think.
Blurred directions for turning
written in fine ink,

I'm getting so anxious.....
READ???? I can hardly breathe!
I've got it!
It's turning!
It's finally loose!
My headache is pounding
Was this designed by Dr. Seuss?

The cotton is wedged in
an impossible angle
A pry with a fork
will surely unmangle.
I'll shake it and give it
one strong angry rap.
Forget it! Who needs this,
I'll just take a nap!

Lynda Calabrese

Past Life Love

I knew you once in ancient Brazil
We meditated naked beneath chilled starlight,
Caressing two trees in lieu of each other.
Brother to my husband-
You could not take the pain of unrequited love.
I lost you.

I found you again in ivory Africa
Amid aged elephant tusks
You wore purple/gold colors of royalty
And painted them upon my heart.
Once I touched you.

I touched you again in outer Mongolia
You were my conquest
I loved long
 hard
 deep
The scar still mars my soul.
I know you now in corporate America
Ice-blue eyes flicker memory
Of past life love
I wait.

Janet Quinn



Untitled

Eric E. Stafford



Untitled

Michelle Handler



The Waitress Wonders

They sit down
for a meal as
I wait on all
God's kingdom
in one night
single-handedly
they stuff their
made-over faces
most of them
have country
side-board bodies
it used to be
a thickened bowl
of hearty soup
and slabs of bread
could fill someone
now they sneak
fried chicken wings,
spaghetti and wieners,
meatloaf and yeast
rolls, macaroni
and cheese, cheese
salads of pepperonis
and thousand islands,
islands become
their tables
and they the
shipwrecked fools
eat until the cows
come home and
when they do
they eat them too.

Mary Martha Tapia



Longitudes and Attitudes

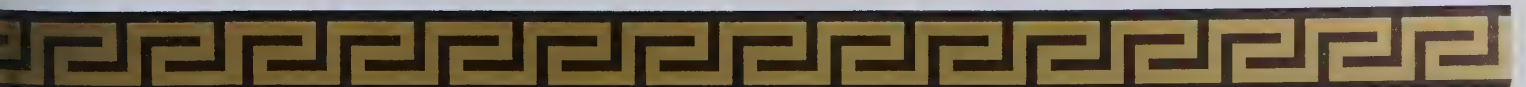
Got it all mapped out
Hurrah, Hurrah--
Got it all mathematically correct
Hurrah, Hurrah--
Got it registered in the logbook
Registered with the President
Hurrah, Hurrah--

Longitudes and attitudes
Meter of want, wish and desire,
The counter moves even higher
And what we want isn't
Always what we get.
And what we get is good
But what's good is never good enough
And whatever's left
We leave behind.

Do we risk it all for
What seemed like a good idea
At the time
Or do we map it out--
(hurrah, hurrah)

Do we get the calculations just right--
(hurrah, hurrah)
Make it our longitude
To match the attitude.

E. Owen DuBose



OLD BAGS

Damn, old bothersome bitch! Jest look at you. Layin' there, whimperin' and snivelin' like a mangy, sick puppy, smell like one too! Why don't you jest git it over with and die now, so's I can be rid of your miserable hide? Tough Mary is so powerful tired of takin' your shit! You hear me old woman? That's right... turn your scaggy head away... always do, when you ain't sure what to say. Lordy, Lordy, rolled up in that filthy rag of a blanket with newspapers wrapped around you. You surely do look like somebody's disgustin' trash, set out by the curb. You bad news baby. Yesterday's headlines, that's what! So high and mighty, Jessica... ain't that a trip? Too good to be called Jessie. Well, you sure look like a Jessie to me. Coughin' your ass and brains off all de time, slowin' down my life, gittin' in my way. Shoot, I ought to jest dump you somewhere. That free clinic man say "you time is thin." That juicy cough and that grey skin is a sure sign. The Angel of Death done spread her soft wings on you, missey, and I be glad! You be listenin' Jessie, while you over there playin' possum? Puttin' on your high and mighty airs like you some grand, quality, elegant lady "From the East side," you say, well I say bull! All your big, fancy talk don't mean nuthin' round here. Always usin' them high-toned words and stickin' out your grimy little pinky, like you think you is Queen of the Garbage. Well, Mary got a message for you, you hearin' me yet? You is the garbage, jest like me. Oh sure, ole Mary knows how she looks alright. I'm big and ugly like sick sin. My face ain't much, what with this evil, lumpy scar my old man laid on me. But I do got my gold tooth, yes m'am, I do got that. What you got, Miss Uptown, layin' Downtown? Nothin' I see... puny little critter, scrawny like a picked chicken. Shufflin' around so meek, lookin' for pity. Well, I ain't got no pity for you no more. I "One Foxy Lady," like my sweat shirt say. I got this damne'd ole ornery street life all figgered out and there ain't no room, no more, for you in my street!

Two years I been haulin' your worthless body all around. Finding you food, keepin' you out of trouble with Mr. Law. What thanks I ever git, answer me Jessie, what thanks? You needs a caretaker, that's what and I don't care, no more. They took my love-child away and put her some place a long time ago and I never was lookin' to get no seventy-year-old child, with dry spittle on her scabby chin, to take her place. Flutterin' around here like some scared, little broken bird.

I ain't never had nuthin' my whole filthy, crummy life. You say you had it all. Well, way I sees it, too much be almost as bad as not enough. No matter where you think you come from, this is where you is at now, in case you might of forgot.

You better be shuttin' yourself up right now and pullin' yourself together. You listenin' yet? We gots to git us down to the third street Mission pronto, or them snooty social workers gonna fill that pesty hole up for the night. I ain't plannin' on sharin' no freezin' night with no stinkin' alley. Don't need no space by no air vent, with flea-bitten stray cats and street junkies. I may of sunk mighty low, but I ain't dead yet, so you better decide here and now. You gittin' off your lazy ass and movin' on? Or you figgerin' on stayin' here and coughin' till you drown in your own slop?

Hey, Jessie... I ain't waitin' no more. You see me? I'm leavin'. I'm gone girl, here I go.

Damn ole woman, ain't moved, stubborn. Guess Big Mary better check her out. Don't fun with me now, you understand? I'm gonna give you one last chance. Hey, what you tryin' to pull on me? How come you stopped that there coughin' and you be feelin' cold, like some dirty puddle of ice?

Oh God, sweet Jesus... you eyes is open but you ain't there... Jessie! I be gittin' powerful mad now... You know I was playin' around. I never did mean all that nasty talk, I jest be cold and tired. Weary, kinda, bone tired. You jest git up and we go together, jest like we always do. Jessie, I be shakin' you till your scummy false teeth rattle. Jessie, you is actin' dead. Don't be dead, I didn't mean none of it, Jessie... Don't be leavin' me all alone in this hell. You can be my little helpless child, or whatever you want... jest stay with me. Even you is better than empty, nothin'... don't die, don't go no where. Please..... Jessica!

GAIL
PRICE



The Kiss

William N. Brown



At Sixty-Four

I step aside
 on the stairs
for the young student
 to spring ahead,
as though rushing
 to beat the ringing bell
of a time clock.

I remember when
 I at eighteen
took two steps at the time,
 so eager to get there quickly
my shadow could scarcely keep up.

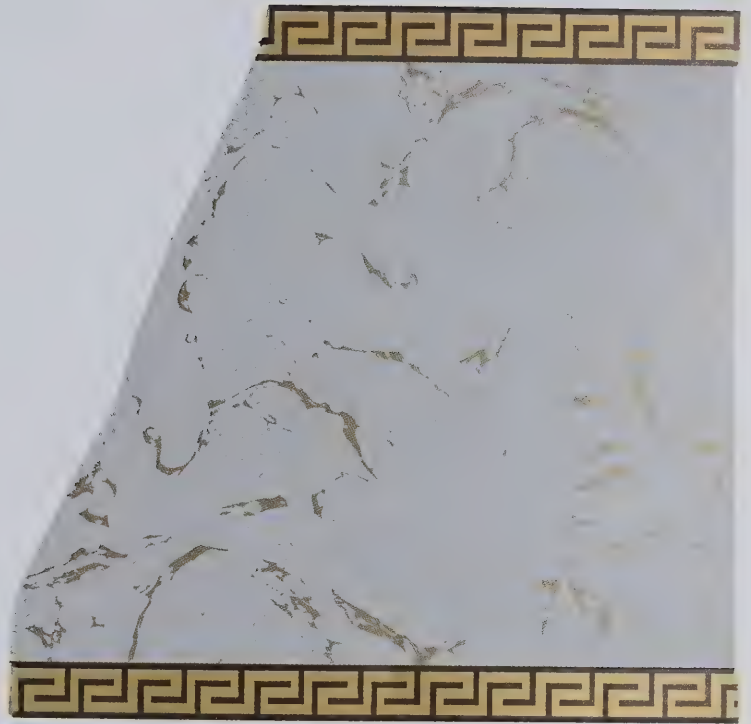
Where was I going
 in such a hurry?
Did I get to class on time?

Feet that then flew
 now like a toddler
struggling to climb
 take the steps one by one.

Yet once in class
 I run ahead,
swiftly climbing
 the stairs to learning.

My young classmates
 are surprised to see
crocuses blooming thru the snow.

Willa Justice



Wearing Faith

We are the people who wear our faith
around our necks,
solid as gold.

We hold on to it with an admiration
for its beauty and for the thought
that something has meaning,
but one we never know.

Day in and day out
we believe in nothing
but our own doubt.

It is only when something happens,
a tragedy, that turns things the other way,
that we begin to worry
and we pray and we pray.

Mary Martha Tapia



Portal of Light

Sherry Y. Aldridge



Untitled

The snow drifted
its deafness over the slab of land.
White-turning-white into whiteness
and cold
and shivering silence upon silence,
stole the sun
stole the one
thing that turned
 that burned,
slowly going --

Gone. Left the emptiness empty.
 Left the nakedness void
and stark
and bare
Nowhere comes
and seldom goes in sleeping,
except in the final weeping.
Now felt but never feeling,
the snow drifts
its deafness over the soul of man.

Linda L. Myers

Storm Aftermath

The air hangs like velvet.
Birds call to each other,
Cautiously trying the stillness.
First one, then the next,
Daring.
Wakened, a breeze stirs
As if from sleep
To brush against my cool skin.
Through the crooked apple tree
The sun blinks at flowered cushions,
Transforms wet drops on chair rungs
Into shiny pearls.
Playful now, the breeze
Nudges the leaves
As they drop their jewels
Into shimmering puddles.

Mary Wilmer





Spring Blooms

Lynn Kenan



Easter Monday

Tomorrow I'll take off
winter's flannel sheets,
my personal receiving blankets,
accepting cold body
unconditionally
on icy nights.

I'll open the windows
of vulnerability
to spring air, trusting
intruders to stay out,
lift the blinds
to peering eyes, warily.

I'll shed the swaddling
clothes that layered
my limbs, exposing
self to the heat
of scrutiny and stares,
my nakedness unveiled.

I'll pick blossoms
and bring them in
as proof life begins again.
My heart is not fooled,
it resents birth's season,
nature's time to reappear

In color across the land
of the living,
while on your grave
only grass grows
and you are
forever forty-four.

Willa Justice

In memory of
Melvina Robertson
(4/26/43 - 7/12/87)



The Magnolia Sings

Like tone deaf children
Blowing Chinese reeds,
The magnolia sings.


Zephyr's breath cannot stir
Heavy black-green leaves,
Wide waxy screens.

The cool quiet night
Is like the sleep
Of seasoned sailors
Crossing the deep.

The sound itself,
Beneath the shell,
A rustling, twittering trill.

Then suddenly as Poesidon's rage,
The dark crystal sky
Is broken by white wings.

Henrietta Goodman



Down The Line

You stand on the platform
At the station,
Awaiting perfection.
You call me when you hear it whistling
In the distance,
And hang up when it derails
A mile out of town.
You can stay there
But I won't.
I'm tired of nailing tracks back down
And hammering ties back in.

Henrietta Goodman



A Thought for a Super-man

Imagine, for a moment, you have the power of flight
soaring through the cosmos
above all signifigance.
You have ability far beyond that of mortal man.
Power to save the world.
Strong, invulnerable.
As Gilgamesh of legend.

A child screams
you dive in for a rescue.
She dies anyway.
power...POWER! power to save the world.
She dies anyway.
Look! Up on the sky.. It's a bird, a plane a...
She dies anyway.

Sean Conley

Independent Epigraph

They are the enemy
Someone said
Though we all look the same
When counting our dead

Daniel P. McNally

The Poet Contemplates The Violin

She imagines pulling
sorrow from the gut,
a new-born child,
musical, beautiful
and birthed in pain.

She must settle
for words, surprised
to discover strong,
smooth wood nestled
under her chin.

She plays an original
refrain, a new beginning
each time she draws
the bow across the strings.

Christina Pacosz



CENTRAL PIEDMONT COMMUNITY COLLEGE



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JUDGES

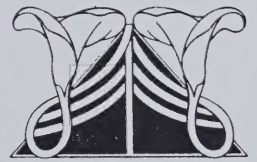


Poetry:

Judy Goldman

Judy Goldman's first collection of poetry, Holding Back Winter, was published by St. Andrews Press in 1987 and will soon be in its 3rd printing. Her poems have appeared in many poetry journals including Kansas Quarterly, Southern Poetry Review, and Poem. She teaches poetry workshops and works in the Poetry in the Schools Program in the Charlotte-Mecklenburg Schools.

Art & Photography:



Queens Gallery

1212 The Plaza, Charlotte, N. C. 28205

The Queens Gallery and Art Center is designed to help local artists with all their needs. The unique setting and comfortable atmosphere lends itself to all types of functions, business or social. Fazio's Art Supplies, adjacent to the gallery, stocks a full line of materials and supplies for the professional, as well as the amateur artist. For gallery rental information phone (704) 372-2993.

Fiction & Nonfiction:

Mary Kratt

Mary Kratt is the author of five published books of poems and regional history. Her short stories, poems and articles have appeared nationally in Sun Dog, Crescent Review, The Richmond Times Dispatch and The Christian Science Monitor. The Imaginative Spirit is her most recent book, published Fall, 1988, by the Charlotte Public Library.



STUDENT PUBLICATIONS

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